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AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS



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AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS

BY
OTTO H. L. SCHWETZKY

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SONGS

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SONGS

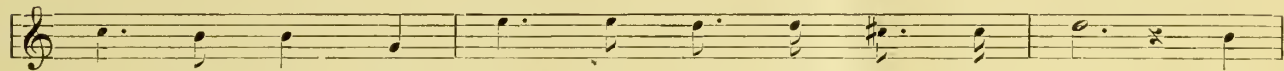
CONSECRATION TO OUR FLAG

A SONG

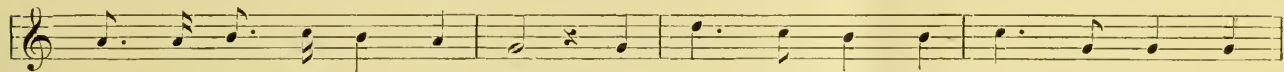
FOR AMERICANS, NATIVE AND ADOPTED



We sought this land of lib - er - ty, From Eng - land and from



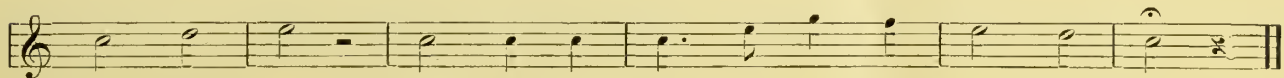
Ger - man - y, From Ire - land, Swed - en, Af - ri - ca, From



Nor - way, France and A - si - a. We all are broth - ers, free a - like, We



all are broth - ers free a - like; Proud are we all of thee, Our



sweet, new home, Proud are we all of thee, Our sweet, new home.

Our country is a paradise,
Our men are noble, brave and wise,
Our women are the pride of earth,
Our children queens and kings by birth.

Sweet land of homes, America,

Sweet land of homes, America,

No country is to thee

To be compared.

Our history is short, but fraught
With mighty struggles, nobly fought
For freedom, unity and right —
With us was God in all His might.

We vow obedience to His will ;

We vow obedience to His will ;

Through Him our destiny

We're sure to reach.

The youngest nation of them all,
We feel no longer weak and small;
Our heart is stout, our arm is strong,
Our aim shall be to right all wrong.

 We will allow no tyranny,
 We will allow no tyranny,
Our flag brings happiness
And peace to all.

Our flag shall stand for liberty,
For justice and humanity ;
The human race shall learn to bless
Our flag, wherever in distress !

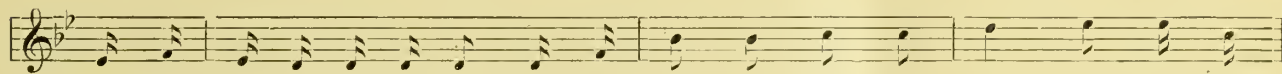
 Ye stars and stripes, red, white and blue,
 Ye stars and stripes, red, white and blue,
Our blood, our all to you
We consecrate.



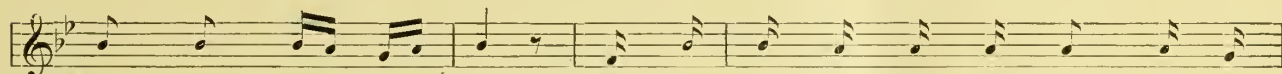
COLUMBIA MILITANS



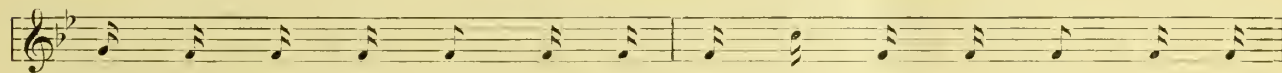
What is mov - ing our na - tion, stir - ring ev - 'ry nerve and heart,



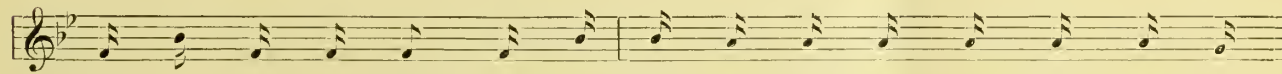
Stir - ring ev - 'ry nerve and heart? It's the way we beat cre - a - tion, Fight-ing



with con - sum - mate art. Samp-son, Dew - ey, Shaft - er, Miles, Wheel-er,



Schley, their crews and files, Roose-velt's Ri - ders, read - y, rough, All were



made of he - ro - stuff, Beat the Span - ish where they found them, Beat them



in-to pulp and dust, Beat the Spanish where they found them, Beat them in-to pulp and dust

To Manila Dewey sailed,
To destroy or take the fleet
Of the Spanish, who had railed
At the Yankee's pork and wheat.
Sunday morn, the first of May,
Dewey in Manila Bay
Found the fleet in battle line,
Covered well by fort and mine,—
He attacked them where he found them,
Beat them into pulp and dust.

Don Cervera's fleet came flying,
Sneaked into Santiago's port,—
Schley and Sampson thought it trying
That their orders stopped them short.
But at last the fox came out
(Hobson had not corked the spout),
To the west they sought to fly;—
"At them, boys!" commanded Schley—
They pursued them, overtook them,
Beat them into pulp and dust.

At San Juan stood the Spanish,
Well intrenched and full of fight;
Half our force was doomed to vanish,
Ere the foe came into sight.
Forward ran the volunteers
And the regulars, with cheers;
Up the hill they charged like mad,
Cowboy, dude and half-grown lad,
Drove the Spanish from their trenches,
Beat them into pulp and dust.

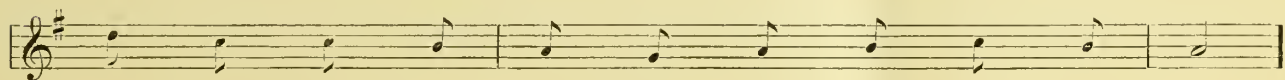
It's a way we have, they say,
Going at it tooth and nail,
When we are at work or play,
When we fight, invent or sail.
Justice is our only creed,
No alliance do we need;
All we ask is but fair play,
If we get into a fray.
We can beat the whole creation,
Beat them into pulp and dust.

UNCLE SAM AND THE DONS

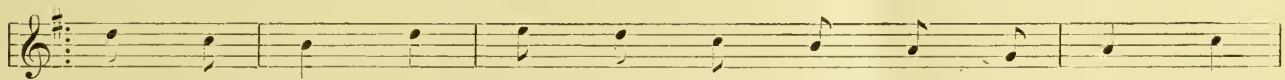




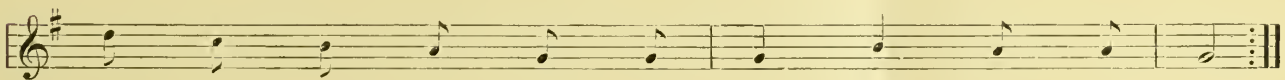
Un - cle Sam was feel - ing bad - ly, That the Dons mis -



ruled so mad - ly Cu - ban soil with sword and flame.



Peace - ful though he was and shrink - ing, Still he could not



keep from think - ing, That it was a burn - ing shame.

Uncle Sam made remonstrations,
Offered for the starving rations,
Acted like a neighbor kind.
But the Dons cried: "Busybody,
Kill your pigs and weave your shoddy!
This is not for you to mind."

Uncle Sam then begged to differ,
Was insulted and grew stiffer;
Then the Spanish sunk the "Maine."
Horrificed and stunned, the nation
Took two months for contemplation,
Then resolved on ousting Spain.

Uncle Sam is ever ready,
Entered the arena steady
And attacked with lightning speed.
Three short rounds and all was ended,
Cuba free, the war suspended,
And the Spanish had their meed.

BALLADS

CUBA LIBRE

FOR many years the bitter tears
Had streamed from Cuban eyes.
With sword and chain, oppressed and slain,
We heard their moans and cries.

Then Uncle Sam, meek as a lamb,
Threw out a mild reminder:
"This reeking flood of Cuban blood
Might yield to something kinder."

But cruel Spain, conceited, vain,
Returned a mocking "Never!"
And starved and caged, and shot, enraged,
Its victims more than ever.

The second time we said: "The crime
Shall cease, and cease the weeping."
We sent the Maine;—perfidious Spain
Destroyed her guests while sleeping.

This fiendish deed was fatal seed:
It stung us into making
A firm demand. For Cuba's land
The dawn of day was breaking.

War was declared, the sword was bared,
The world looked on in wonder;
Our nation rose and crushed its foes
With lightning and with thunder.

Cuba is free! On land and sea
Our flag is waving proudly.
We vanquished Spain, avenged the Maine;
The world applauded loudly.

1779

IN seventeen seventy-nine it was, September 'twenty-third,
When John Paul Jones, our commodore on the Bon Homme Richard,
Near Flamborough Hill, the English ship Serapis met, and took.
That was a deed! His ship was rotted, and his guns so poor,
Some burst when first discharged. The heavy English balls
Cut through his hull like cheese. A hundred prisoners he had
On board; he manned the pumps with them to keep his ship afloat.
The sun went down. , The foe came near, the spars and rigging touched.
So did the guns and muskets. John Paul Jones with his own hands
Dared lash his sinking ship to the Serapis. Cannon roared,
And muskets flashed through inky darkness. Groans of dying men
Disheartened many tars,—the firing slackened some.

The English captain hailed to know if Jones gave up the fight.
And Jones? "I have but just begun to fight," he shouted back,
And ordered all his men on deck with muskets, pikes, grenades,
And drove the English all below, where they kept shooting holes
Like barn doors through his hull, while from aloft, from quarterdeck
And gunwale our men fought. Then rose a shout of joy: the ship
Alliance, our French ally, came in sight. She passed and fired
A broadside, killing—twelve of ours,—and vanished in the night.
Despair set in. The only chance was boarding. Lucky throw!
A hand-grenade flew through the hatch among a row of shells
And all exploded, killing twenty, wounding forty more,
And with a bound the English ship was boarded,—taken. Though
Bon Homme Richard was past repair, the victory was great:
The mistress of the sea had found her match,—America.

THE RIDER OF AU SABLE

A starless night without,
A cheerful light within,
With merry guests to laugh and chaff,
With choicest things to eat and quaff,—
Thus stood the inn, the cozy, at
The Chasm of Au Sable.

A stranger came within —
His horse he left without—
He ordered supper, ate and drank
In silence, until kind and frank
Mine host inquired, how he found
The inn at the Au Sable.

“Despite the dark, without
The slightest pains. Within
A score of years I lived and roamed
About here, where then rushed and foamed,
As now, the glassy waters in
The Chasm of Au Sable.”

“And might I ask, within
Due limits and without
Annoying you, to let us hear
From which direction you came here?”
“Why, yes; I came across the bridge
That leads o’er the Au Sable.”

At this the guests, without
Exception, gaped, until within
Their throats the stranger could have peered.
Then all together mocked and jeered:
“Oho! my man, no bridge leads o’er
The Chasm of Au Sable!”

“My friends, I say, within
This hour I crossed, without
A doubt, that bridge.” They laughed and sneered.
Mine host arose and stroked his beard:
“That bridge broke down ten years ago,
That bridge o’er the Au Sable.”

“It’s now too dark without,
So I shall stay within,”
The stranger said; “but in the morn
I’ll prove to you that I was borne
On horseback o’er a bridge that spans
The Chasm of Au Sable.”

Not one would stay within
When dawn appeared without.—
Across the gully, weatherworn,
There lay one beam. “Look! hoofs have torn
The rotten top! A horse has passed
That beam o’er the Au Sable!”

A cloudless day without,
A painful mist within.
The stranger's lifeblood turned to ice;—
“One faulty step,—and in a trice
He and his horse both hurled into
The Chasm of Au Sable!”

He swayed and fell. Within
An hour he died, without
Reopening his eyes. His name
Was never told, nor whence he came.
A grave unmarked, unknown, enfolds
The Rider of Au Sable.

RIP VAN WINKLE

I'LL tell you a story, the story is truthful :

There was once a farmer, the farmer was youthful ;

His wife was a treasure, domestic and strong ;

A pity, she scolded when thinking him wrong.

And wrong he was always, because he was jolly,

Preferred to lead children in innocent folly,

Preferred to help neighbors or gossip outdoors

To weeding, or hoeing, or doing the chores.

He'd rather go fishing or hunt on the mountains
With Schneider, his dog, than submit to the fountains
Of taunts and reproaches that welled from the lip
Of Lady Van Winkle, whose husband was Rip.

A dreamer was Rip, like a child, without sin;
He peopled the woods and the brooks with his kin,
And nature in turn would reveal to him bliss,
That slaves of ambition forever must miss.

When Rip and his cronies were shirking their tillage
One day at the inn of their sleepy old village,
His wife, in a rage at his tricks and his play,
Took hold of his collar,—and led him away.

Now even a worm that is trodden will turn,
And Rip, half afraid that his cronies would spurn
Him, thinking such treatment in public too rough,
With gun and with Schneider went off in a huff.

He fled to the Catskills, his favorite haunt,
Where nothing could touch him, nor broomstick nor taunt;
Where oft he had hunted for squirrels till dark,
Or lain on a mossbank, as gay as a lark.

The sky was of azure, no cloud to be seen ;
The mountains and valleys like emerald green ;
The Hudson encircled, a silvery band,
The foothills—a landscape by masterly hand.

And down on his village he gazed, on his farm,
He sighed and he smiled 'twixt terror and charm,
Till misty blue shadows ascended the slopes,
Then turned to go home, with new patience and hopes.

Half-way down the slope some one called him by name;
He turned and discovered a stranger, who came
Uphill with a keg on his shoulder and made
Dumb signs to Van Winkle to come to his aid.

Rip's dog crouched behind him, low growling and whining;
Rip shuddered, but had not a thought of declining
Assistance, when asked by a neighbor in need,
And fear of the evil was strange to his creed.

The stranger was squatty, thick-whiskered and grizzled,
With eyes like a pig and a face that seemed chiseled
Of hickory root. To the dog it was clear,
He'd better run home, when his master went near.

Van Winkle felt shivers, but shouldered the liquor
And followed the stranger. The bushes grew thicker,
The gait became faster and steeper the road ;
Perspiring and panting, Rip carried his load.

A rumbling like thunder came nearer and nearer,
The bushes grew thinner, the view became clearer ;
They entered a hollow. Rip saw what he knew
From pictures, must be Henry Hudson and crew,

In doublets and four-bushel breeches of leather,
Red stockings, high heels and a hat with a feather,
Broad belts and a hanger, with faces like bark
Of walnut or oak tree, moss-covered and dark.

At nine-pins they played, and the rolling and rumbling
Of balls, and the clashing and crashing of tumbling
Pins rent with its thunder the air. Not a trace
Of sound otherwise, nor of life in a face.

In silence and rigid like dummies they bowled;
Their eyeballs were lack-luster, horny and cold.
They stopped and surrounded the two in a nook,
And stared at Van Winkle, who trembled and shook.

His guide was alert with the keg and a faucet ;
He filled a huge flagon, and Rip had to pass it.
They drank from its mouth in a silence profound,—
No smacking of lips as the flagon went round.

They took up their game again. Rip felt relieved,
Sat down by the keg, and he drank, he believed,
Not more than three tastes of the excellent gin,
But—thirsty old soul that he always had been—

He never knew rightly. Enough, he felt drowsy ;
The thunder grew fainter and shapes became frowzy,—
He slept,—in the lap of benevolent night,
That comforts the hunted and sets matters right.

Bright sunshine was flooding the mountains and vales,
The bluebirds were flitting through gorges and dales;
The eagle was breasting the pure, balmy breeze,
When Rip came to life with a powerful sneeze.

He rose with stiff joints, found his gun all decayed,
Bewildered, vowed vengeance on those who betrayed
Him, then he remembered his wife with a pain,
Then whistled for Schneider, but whistled in vain.

Descending he met a few people whose faces
And garments he knew not. He lengthened his paces—
He entered the village—the children, afeard,
Ran screaming to shelter, and called him “Long Beard!”

Astonished he looked — a white beard he descried
As long as a foot; he could almost have cried.
The houses looked altered! No name on a door
Was like any name of the morning before!

His house lay in ruins, and, puzzled and vexed,
He cried for his children, his wife — then, perplexed,
Made sure of the mountains still being in place,
Made sure of the Hudson still running its race,

Then ran to the inn, feeling sure that some people
He knew would be there. As he ran, a new steeple
Amazed him still more. And the inn was estranged!
The elm tree was gone! And the signboard was changed!

King George's the portrait had been, but he read
Now "General Washington" under the head.
He thought he was dreaming,—he pinched himself sore ;
Then, sure he was waking, he entered the door.

He asked for host Vedder, Van Bummel, the teacher,
Brom Dutcher, his neighbor, Van Tassel, the preacher—
But all had been dead or away many years.
Forlorn and forgotten, Rip burst into tears.

The village assembled. He asked of them whether
They knew one Van Winkle. They all cried together :
"Why, there stands his daughter ! The scamp ran away,
Full twenty-one years ago this very day !"

Rip's daughter stood shy with her babe in her arm—
“My Judith, my daughter, don't fear any harm!
How's mother?” “She died.” “And your brother?” “That's he!”
“Is nobody here to remember poor me?”

The oldest two people were summoned, came slowly,
Remembered and welcomed him. Rip, who was wholly
Relieved of his troubles, embraced with a kiss
His children, his grandchild,—unspeakable bliss!

What more need I say? He resumed his old habits
Of fishing and hunting for squirrels and rabbits;
At home with his daughter, he lived to old age,
Beloved by the children, revered as a sage.





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